

I could recite both sets of platitudes  
but when the Captain  
rammed a shotgun in  
my under-belly, I bombasted  
the wrong one. He shifted it  
to my temple as we tripped down-  
stairs--after counseling sub-  
ordinates, "Not here...  
nice apartment for someone."  
  
When we reached the street  
a HUMVEE of AK47s ripped past,  
slicing these antagonists in half.  
  
I'm in prison till my story  
checks out. It has been four-  
teen years. Successive regimes  
have emptied this building via  
amnesties. Alone now,  
  
I support three shifts of guards.  
Their wives bake me treats  
almost every day.